

T H E

Regular Physician:

O R,

Make Hay while the Sun shines.

A

P O E M,

By the Man in the Moon.

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Dum Visum est, Mortale malum tantaque latebat  
Causa, nocens cladis, pugnatum est arte Medendi.

Ovid.

*Take Sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart,  
Sincerely yours, and free from Fraudful Art.*

Dryd. Virg.

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L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by EDM. POWELL at the Prince's Arms in  
Black-fryars near Ludgate. 1715.

Price three Pence.

Regular Exhibition:

O R

Make Hay while the Sun shines.

P O E M

By the Man in the Moon.



Don't Vindict, Mordant, and Mordant  
Cauts, nocens cladis, pugnam offere Medebat  
Gold.  
Take Sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart,  
Sincerely yours, and free from Fraudulent Art.  
Dy'd. Virg.

L O N D O N

Printed and Sold by H. M. Powell at the Printer's Arms in  
Black-horse near Ludgate. 1715.  
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THE  
Regular PHYSICIAN, &c.



JUSTICE and Honour, who have  
(taken Wing  
Among the Stars, bid me Descend and  
(Sing,  
What Plagues, Destructions, and what Endless Wars,  
What Civil Strifes, Feuds and Domestick Jars,  
Are there foretold, both by the Signs and Stars;  
For if my *Alborach*, now tells me true,  
In the *Ætherial Sphere* there's somewhat new,  
Strange, and unheard of; *Cancer* Rules the Skies,  
*Libra*, with *Leo*, at his Mercy lies;  
The Stars, the Planets, and the Spheres submit,  
To the Vile Animal *Millepedit*.  
The Lunar World, once Rul'd by Great *Diana*;  
Is Govern'd now by the Usurping *Rana*;

The *Centaurs*, *Taurus*, and the Friendly *Twins*,  
 Are all Entrapp'd in *Cancer's* Cunning Gins;  
*Mars* doth Obey, though with a Bended Brow,  
 For to Revenge his Cause, he Studies how;  
 The Golden *Ram*, and his most Wealthy Fleece,  
 Is *Cancer's* now, not *Argonauts* of *Greece*;  
*Virgo* Submits; *Aquarius* and his Urn;  
 The *Boreans* Tyrannize, the *Vernals* Mourn;  
*Pisces*, with *Capricorn*, stand Kick and Cuff,  
 For the Shell'd Animal, their Master Bluff;  
 The Vilest of the Signs, begot from Slime,  
 That's now Exalted to a Seat Sublime,  
 Reigns Monarch of the Stars, and glories in his Crime.  
 Big with Success, with Force Tyrannick Fraught,  
 He Teaches those, by whom he first was Taught;  
 He Fiercely Drives the Chariot of the Sun,  
 Forgetting quite, the Fate of *Phaeton*.  
 What this portends, strange and unusual Sight!  
 That the Superiors should in Change Delight!  
 It's Ominous; the Sages do foretel,  
 A Dire Disease, without a Parallel,  
 Which will in short befall the Inferior Class,  
 Without Prevention, it must come to pass.  
 But Oh! The Blindness is so deeply Grounded,  
 They will not see, but rather be Confounded,

For



For Succour, Lo! in their Distressed State,  
 They fly to *Quacks*, who'll quickly Terminate  
 Their Vital Pow'rs, and End the strict Debate;  
 Amaz'd I stand, to see the Giddy Croud,  
 I'th' Midst of Misery, to Bawl aloud  
 For Quackish Remedies, quite out of Use,  
 Unless more Dreadful Symptoms to produce;  
 But what's much worse, Amazing to behold,  
 Ruin their Health, only to save their Gold:  
 As if they thought they could Destruction Bribe,  
 Only to Pleasure a Vile **Factions** Tribe;  
 When in the End, if not a speedy Cure,  
 At best the Nerves a Lameness will Endure,  
 If not Destruction; then a Living Death,  
 Which is far worse, than if at once the Breath  
 Were quite abstracted, rather than to lie,  
 In Death-like Misery, and yet not Die;  
 For 'tis a Maxim, which always endures,  
 Desperate Diseases must have Desperate Cures.  
 Then who that's a true *Regular Physician*,  
 Wou'd in this Case be Guilty of Omission?  
 A Case which in short time doth Terminate,  
 Will not admit of any long Debate.  
 We must apply before, it has taken Root,  
 And Symptomatic Sprouts begin to shoot.  
 But yet, methinks, a worser Plague is hurl'd,  
 By *Jove* on this Wretched Inferior World;

That is, they want true Sons of great *Apollo*,  
 To Cure such Mortals, as in Darkness wallow ;  
 For though it once with Sages Learn'd abounded,  
 Now 'tis by *Medicasters* quite Confounded ;  
 Though not long since, 'twas fill'd with Famous Men,  
 Now 'tis become as bad as Monsters Den.  
 Instead of Men, fit to Relieve the N—n,  
 It's now us'd for the only Propagation,  
 Of *Quacks*, *Hobgoblins*, and Outlandish *Prigs*,  
 All Comprehended in the Name of *W—gs*,  
 Who quite Transmogrify the Sacred Use,  
 Turning the good Intent into Abuse ;  
 Instead of doing Good, delight in Evil,  
 Doing the work of their Patron the D—l ;  
 'Tis such like Imps, of little or no Knowledge,  
 That now fill up the Sacred, Noble Colledge.  
 Whilst we True Regular Born Heirs of *Galen*,  
 Who now prop up the Heavy Weight that's Falling ;  
 We who by Study, Care and Tim'd Experience,  
 Have Learnt to Still the Spirits set at Variance ;  
 Who from Old *Hermes*, and *Hypocrates*,  
 Have Learnt all Human Mis'ries to Redress ;  
 Are quite rejected, and are scarce admitted  
*Licentiates*, as if not aptly fitted,  
 To Act with them, like Poor Dull Stupid Swines,  
 In their Malicious, Venemous Designs.

Jack



*Jack Jallap* Rules, and *Vespertilio* Slumbers,  
 In Pleasure Drown'd, and free from all Incumbers;  
 He to *Euphorbius*, and Old *Coluber*,  
 Matters of all Importance doth refer;  
*Dipsus*, *Ranunculus* and *Agaric*,  
 Are all Conjoyn'd in this *Fanatick* Trick,  
 To bring all Things, they say, upon a Level,  
 To Rule themselves, Curse *Jove*, and put in Devil.

Ye then that would preserve your Life and Health,  
 Your Goods, your C——h, and all your Worldly Wealth,  
 Mind not your Lucre, shake the Golden Dust,  
 What Man of Sense is there would put his Trust  
 In *W—g* or *Galeinst*, or *Case-Dissenter*?  
 Who's sure his Ruin must be Consequenter.  
 Chuse such as are Honest in Mind and Thought,  
 Such who are by Great *Æsculapius* Taught;  
 Not a Vain Fool, just started on the Stage,  
 There to Exert his Blind *Fanatick* Rage;  
 Disdain not Loyal Minds, though now brought Low,  
 For from such Fountains, Streams of Vertue flow.

Now shew your selves, in this Extream Conjuncture,  
 Before your Nerves do suffer larger Puncture;  
 Chuse such as Duty will regard your Health,  
 Not those who Live by Rapine, Cheat and Stealth.

This

This is the time, this is the last Effort,  
 'Tis not a Trifle, or an Idle Sport,  
 But it Concerns the Life, it to Secure,  
 Against those Boding Ills, not yet Mature;  
 Provide your selves with *Regular Physicians*,  
 Who duly will fulfil their Sworn *Commissions*.  
 These will prevent the Dire Impending Storm,  
 Which now appears, as yet without a Form;  
 Such who a Veneration have Exprest;  
 For the Fam'd Doctrine of Great *Polychrest*.  
 When you with these most Loyal Souls are arm'd,  
 You need not fear whenever you're Alarm'd,  
 With the Distempers Threatned from Above,  
 By *Cancer*' Factionous Gang, though not from *Jove*.  
 Nature thus Fortifi'd, dares to Defy,  
 The Hellish Instruments of *Heresy*.  
 This is your Prop, this is your utmost Shift,  
 That serves to help you out at a Dead Lift;  
 By this you still with Honour may maintain,  
 The C---ch and Liberty; this once again,  
 This is the only way that you have left  
 For Safety; of all others being bereft.  
 The Case stands thus, if ye your Lives would Save,  
 'Tis proper you a *Regular* shou'd have;  
 But if ye Value not your C-----y's good,  
 Take up with those, who're of *Panteon Brood*,  
 Who'll



Who'll Sacrifice the N-----n for a Groat,  
 And give you Poison for an Antidote.  
 In time take good Advice, deplore your State,  
 For oft Advice seems best that comes too late;  
 I've Study'd Nature, and behold how Art,  
 In the Inferior Chaos, plays its part;  
 I've seen the Horizons, and view'd the Poles,  
 The Zones, the Circles, and most latent Holes,  
 Where *Cassiopeia* her hard Fate Condoles,  
 Thinking the *Factions* Monster will Devour  
 Her Darling Relict, Destitute of Power.  
 Before the Angry Gods, upon it Smile,  
 And Reinstate it in the Lunar Isle.  
 I have been taught by th' Deity of Physick,  
 To Cure this Dire, Rebellious Mortal *Pthysick*,  
 That doth Afflict those Blinded Animals,  
 Who Boast of Sense, yet are not Rationals;  
 Who feign Chimera's in their Giddy Brains,  
 Which nought but thoughts of *Anarchy* Contains;  
 Who despise all Oeconomy and Order,  
 And think it right such Animals may Lord 'ore  
 God's Great Vicegerent, who Despise the Crown,  
 War against Heav'n, and pull their Monarchs down.  
 I've been Inspir'd by *Demigorgon Hermes*,  
 I've got a Cordial Greater than *Alkermes*:

C

*Hypocrates*

*Hypocrates* has taught me to Dissect  
 Those *Quacks*, that his great Precepts do neglect ;  
 Pois'ning their Patients, whether High or Humble,  
 With their Pernicious, Het'rogenious Jumble ;  
 I want but *Galen's* few Cathartick Potions,  
 To Cleanse the *Whigs* from their Rebellious Notions,  
 Disgorge what's said by Peristaltick Motions. }  
*B-----s* again be sure of good Advice, }  
 Trust not to *Spanish* Doctor, and his Dice, }  
 Who'd Hit and Cure Distempers in a Trice. }  
 But if you will your Ruin still Imbibe,  
 I'll bid Defiance to the *Factionous* Tribe ;  
 Exert the true *Arcanum Arcanorum*,  
 And prove that *Int'rest* is *Radix Malorum* ;  
 But if as yet the Rebels wont come o're,  
 And Justly Regulate their new-made Pow'r,  
 I'll prove the *Colledge* all a pack of K-----s,  
 Their Patients Paralytic Blinded Slaves ;  
 And then I'll invoke the Awful Gods,  
 To send *Astrea*, who with *Mars* his Nods,  
 Shall Scourge the Rebels with Chalybeat Rods. }

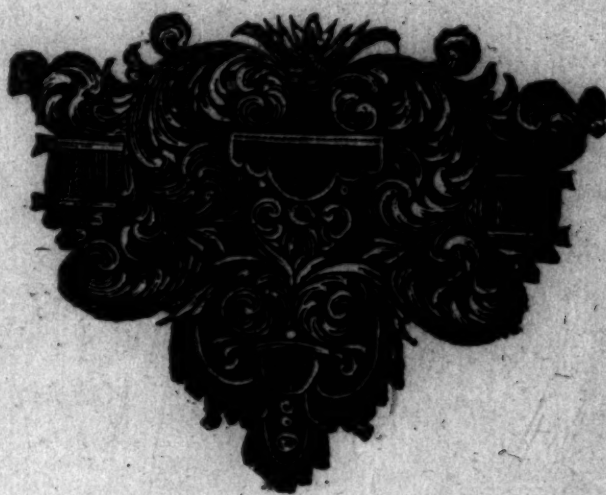
## M O R A L.

Nothing's more Sweet, than that which leads to Happiness,  
 And no Friend, like a Friend that shews it in Distress.

How



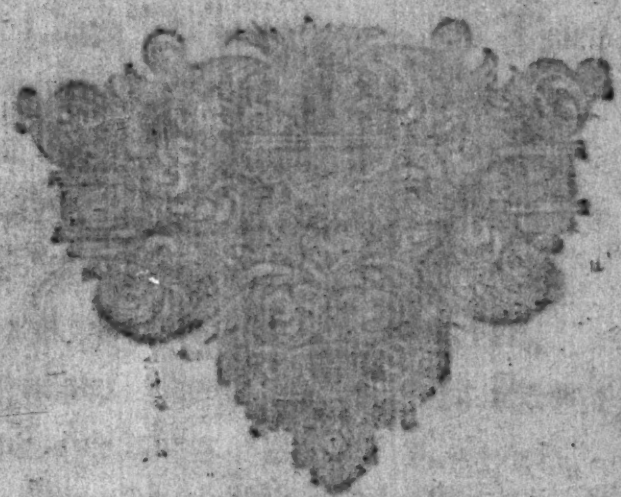
*How Careful ought we then, when Life and Good's at Stake,  
To be of those that we Design our Friends to make.  
Chuse then a Friend, that's Fam'd for Love and Loyalty,  
He'll be thy Friend from Dangers in Necessity.*



*F I N I S.*

[ 9 ]

He has a right to be  
To be of good name  
Chaste and Friend, that  
He is the Friend of  
23 At 68



F I M I 2.